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URSULA;

OR THE

INSUFFICIENCY

OF

HUMAN ATTAINMENTS:

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "TWIN SISTERS," "ORPHAN," &c.

"Eyes dazzled long by fiction's gaudy rays,
In modest truth no light nor beauty find:
And who, my child, would trust the meteor blaze,
That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer blind,
More dark & helpless far, than if it ne'er had shined."

BEATTIE.

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PREFACE.

THE admirers of genius, who have never felt the insufficiency of their boasted understanding, and how weak the strength of that reason their favourite authors so much applaud, may doubt the truth of the assertion in my title page: nay, if with the poet they may have proved the glare of fiction to be

false and dazzling, yet cannot they appreciate the worth of truth, or justly value that which leads to the knowledge of it. Blind to the celestial rays which proceed from divine instruction, they wander but from error to error, adopting each in their turn, as they find their disappointment in the other.

"And what then," will my reader say, "is to direct them?" Not the vain efforts of philosophy; not the boasted powers of science; but that aid which is only held forth to those who have no wisdom of their own; who give up all dependance on their own help, and trust alone to that which is promised

to the humble, and those who are made sensible of their deficiency: this aid is from above, and can alone enable us to bear the evils of life. While we look for this support from any thing else, though for a time we may be buoyed up by the expectation of it, when the trial comes, we find ourselves most miserably deceived, and fall a prey to unavailing sorrow; or, if griefs are spared us, sink into the vain delusions of trifling folly: and "thus runs our time away."

A character of this sort is the subject of the following pages, though but feebly set forth; and it is the wish of the author, that those

who are now earnest in the improvement of their taste and genius, may be led to consider, that there is still a higher source of pleasure and contentment, as far surpassing that which they pursue, as the fountain from which it is drawn, is superior to the fabulous Castalian spring of which they fondly imagine they are drinking.

URSULA,

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CHAPTER I.

"Childhood happiest stage of life."

ON the borders of a pleaſant village in Dorſetſhire ſtood the houſe of Urſula Williamſon's parents: it was ſituated in a garden, which was full of flowers; and behind it was another, that ſupplied their table with fruits and vegetables. Yet Urſula was not happy: ſhe was allowed to play in them as much as ſhe wiſhed, to eat of the fruit ſhe liked beſt, and

it was but a few hours in each day that ſhe was obliged to attend to her leſſons. But ſhe was ſtrictly forbidden to ſpeak to the children of the village, and this was all the reſtraint laid upon her; yet this it was which rendered her diſſatisfied.

"Oh," ſaid ſhe, "if I had a brother, or a ſiſter, to play about with me, then it would be delightful! I don't ſee that any of the boys and girls who go by our houſe are alone; they paſs their time in company with each other; and how they laugh together! When they gather nuts, one helps the other. I cannot gather nuts, for I have no one to hold the boughs down; if I make a noſegay, no one admires it, no one ſeems to want it."

Theſe were her reflections, as ſhe was binding a riband round ſome

flowers ſhe had juſt gathered. "How pretty," ſaid a little roſy-faced girl to another as ragged and as healthy as herſelf, and who were looking through the rails while Urſula was thus employed: "I wiſh I had thoſe flowers." "Do you?" ſaid Urſula; "you ſhall have them then: it is the firſt time I have heard any one ſay ſo:—pray take them." And, running to the gate, ſhe put them into the child's hand; who, with a face and neck covered with bluſhes, made her ſeveral courteſies, thanking her each time.

"Will you not take the riband off, miſs?" ſaid ſhe. "O, no; take that too; it is only an old ſaſh of my doll's." "Thank you, miſs," returned the child, with another courteſy. "But the other little girl," ſaid Urſula, quite pleaſed that ſhe

had given pleaſure, and at the novelty of ſpeaking to a ſtranger, "the other little girl has no flowers; I will gather ſome for her alſo." "O, no, miſs, here is quite enough for us both," ſaid they, ſpeaking together; "quite enough." And, after repeating their thanks and their courteſies, they ſat down under the oppoſite hedge, to divide them: while Urſula continued in the garden, often caſting a look of complacency that way, to obſerve how buſy they were.

While the children were thus employed, ſome ladies, accompanied by a little girl and boy, paſſed them. They appeared to be ſtrangers, who were admiring the beauty of the place, as their carriage was waiting in the road while they walked down the green lane in which the houſe

ſtood. "We will give you a ſhilling for that noſegay," ſaid one of the ladies, on obſerving the flowers, "if you will ſell it to us; for you ſeem to be poor, and as if the money would be more acceptable." "We cannot, ma'am," anſwered the eldeſt child, continuing her employment. "And why not?" aſked the lady; "I am ſure I have offered you as much as they are worth." "O, yes, ma'am, a ſhilling is a great deal: but that young lady has juſt given them to us," pointing to Urſula, who ſtood ſtill to look at the ſtrangers; and it was now her turn to bluſh, as the eyes of the whole party were directed towards her.

"We cannot part with all," continued the child, "but theſe few," holding out a roſe or two, and ſome of the beſt of the pinks, "you are

welcome to, if you like to have them." There was not much gracefulneſs or courteſy in her manner, as ſhe never moved from her ſeat to make the offer; but ſhe made it willingly, and as if ſhe wiſhed it ſhould be accepted: while Urſula, not knowing whether to advance or go into the houſe, ſtood, wiſhing herſelf twenty miles off.

"What a pretty houſe and garden," ſaid one of the ladies to the other, as they walked towards it, inattentive to the offer of the child; who, finding they did not hear her, left the reſt of the flowers in the lap of her companion; and, following them to the gate, over which they were now looking, ſhe put her preſent into the hand of the lady, and then hurried back to her ſeat, leſt ſhe ſhould think ſhe waited for a recompenſe.

Urſula now began to think it neceſſary to ſay ſomething; and, recollecting her mother had told her to be always attentive to ſtrangers, ſhe moved towards the gate.—"Will you walk in, ladies?" ſaid ſhe; and opened it. "O, by no means," returned one of them.—"We were only admiring the place.—We are very much obliged to you. But, Edward, where are you going?" continued ſhe, to the little boy, not above five years old; who, regardleſs of the incivility, had ran into the garden, the moment it was opened. "What a ſweet place, mamma!" cried he.—"O, do come in and ſee theſe beautiful birds!" while his ſiſter, who wiſhed for an opportunity of ſeeing what he was ſo loudly admiring, offered to fetch him back. "He will come without, I hope,"

ſaid his mother, "if I tell him.—Edward, return immediately."

While theſe things were paſſing, Mrs. Williamſon had from the window obſerved the ſtrangers; and, on ſeeing Urſula open the gate to them, ſhe thought it neceſſary to come out. On her approach, the ladies began an apology for their apparent rudeneſs.—"We were only admiring the place on the outſide," ſaid the eldeſt of the party, "when this little lady politely aſked us in; and my boy has too freely taken the advantage of it." Mrs. Williamſon obſerved the manners of a gentlewoman in her that ſpoke, and ſo much mildneſs, that ſhe could not but be pleaſed with her; and, begging the little boy not to be frightened, ſhe herſelf renewed the invitation her daughter had given.

At this moment, a flock of ſheep, which were driven from a neighbouring field, ſo completely filled the lane, that they were compelled to accept her offer, and ſtand within the gate to avoid them. All the attention of the children were now attracted by what was paſſing without. "Oh! thoſe poor little girls will be run over!" exclaimed the young lady.—"See, mamma, how cloſe they are obliged to ſtand to the hedge, and to hold their flowers over their heads." "They are more uſed to encounter ſuch an army, my dear, than we are," returned the lady.

"But we are already benefited by your garden, ma'am," added ſhe, turning to Mrs. Williamſon, and ſhowing the flowers the children had given her. "Thoſe little ones over the way, though they refuſed to part

with all your daughter had given them, made us a preſent of theſe."

Mrs. Williamſon looked at Urſula for an explanation, and her looks ſeemed to ſay,—"Have I not forbade your ſpeaking to the children of the village? how is this?" and Urſula felt herſelf obliged to anſwer. "O, mamma," ſaid ſhe, "I had gathered ſo many flowers, and made up ſo many noſegays which nobody ſeemed to care for after I had done, that when theſe little girls, who were looking through the rails, wiſhed they had them, I could not forbear giving them away; and they were ſo pleaſed, that I don't think you would have been angry at my doing ſo."

"And I aſſure you," ſaid the lady, "they highly valued her preſent: for, though I offered them money, they would not ſell them: but I

muſt not let them loſe a reward for theſe they have ſo freely given me," continued ſhe, addreſſing her daughter, who ſtood watching her looks.

"Let me carry it to them, mamma," ſaid ſhe, on obſerving her hand in her pocket; "pray do; the ſheep are all gone; and ſee, they are moving away." "Take them this then, my dear," ſaid the lady, giving her a ſhilling; "and tell them I am obliged to them."

"The little girl ran ſkipping over the road, highly pleaſed with her commiſſion; and after giving it to the children, was returning as ſwiftly, when her foot ſlipped, and ſhe fell down. At firſt ſhe was unable to ariſe, and the whole party were at her ſide in a moment. "Are you hurt?" was the general inquiry: but, afraid to ſpeak leſt ſhe ſhould

not conceal her tears, ſhe got up in ſilence, her face and arm both bleeding, and her frock covered with dirt.

Her mother now began to be alarmed.—"Margaret, my dear," ſaid ſhe, "why don't you ſpeak? you are very much hurt!" "No, I am not, my dear mamma, but I was ſo frightened:" and, unable to ſuppreſs her emotion, ſhe burſt into tears. "Pray walk into the houſe," ſaid Mrs. Williamſon; "and let us do ſomething to ſtop the bleeding, and to recover her from the alarm it has occaſioned." The little boy, on obſerving his ſiſter's tears, began to cry alſo; and Urſula could have wept with him, as ſhe again thought how pleaſant it muſt be to have a brother or a ſiſter, who would thus ſhare in her ſorrows. It was not now a time for ceremony: and,

leaning on the arm of her mother, Margaret and the reſt of the party followed Mrs. Williamſon to the parlour; where their firſt care was to examine the wounds, which were not very deep; and, after ſomething had been applied to each, and the blood waſhed from her face and arms, ſmiles once more appeared in the countenances of all around her.

"But it is impoſſible to travel in this frock, mamma," ſaid Margaret; "ſee how bloody and how dirty it is." Mrs. Williamſon offered to ſend her ſervant to the carriage for a box, in which the lady ſaid there was another; and then, with her uſual hoſpitality, ordered ſome ſandwiches, cakes, and wine, to be brought in, of which, with ſome entreaty, the ladies were made to partake; while their carriage was or-

dered to the only public houſe the village afforded, to wait till they were ready.

"I am ſure we are very much obliged to you, ma'am," ſaid one of the ladies.—"How little did we think of thus ſtopping on the road! and we have ſtill many miles to go." "May I aſk," ſaid Mrs. Williamſon, "what is the place of your deſtination?" "Southampton," replied the lady; "we are going to ſpend a few weeks there."

Urſula, from the accident which had happened, had been obliged to throw off that ſhyneſs and reſerve which is ſaid to be peculiar to our countrywomen, and eſpecially the younger part of them; and which, as Cowper ſo well deſcribes,—

"Bearing the marks, upon a blushing face,
Of needless shame, and self-imposed disgrace",

renders a firſt interview always unpleaſant, on hearing this, ſhe began to expreſs to her young companions a wiſh that they were to ſtay there. —"It is ſo dull," ſaid ſhe, "not to have any one but mamma to ſpeak to, and from day to day to have nothing new.—I ſhall think of this morning very often, and can hardly be ſorry that you fell down, ſince it has brought you within the houſe, even for this little while." "It is indeed quite an event to have any viſiters here," replied Mrs. Williamſon, overhearing what her daughter ſaid: "but I hope this young lady and yourſelf will have an opportunity of renewing your acquaintance in a ſhort time."

All were ſtruck with this intelligence, but particularly Urſula.— "How, mamma?" ſaid ſhe: "theſe

ladies may not come from Southampton this way." "No; but it is probable that in a few days we may be there." "Dear, mamma!" exclaimed Urſula, and jumped for joy at the idea.—"How? why? I never heard of this before." "Nor I," ſaid Mrs. Williamſon, "till this morning: but your father will be there; the troops are now diſembarking at Portſmouth, and his company is ordered to Southampton, where I hope you and I ſhall ſoon meet him."

Again Urſula ſhowed the pleaſure this intelligence gave her, by a double ſkip; and, in the joy ſhe felt, quite forgot there were ſtrangers in the room. "My father," ſaid ſhe to Margaret; "he has been away a great while, and lately in much danger abroad: I ſhall ſee him in a few days!" "And we ſhall ſee ours,"

returned Margaret; "he is alſo in the army, and is now at Southampton." "O, what pleaſure!" ſaid Urſula, "to walk about with our fathers! don't you think ſo?"

While they were thus converſing, the elder ladies had more fully opened their plans to each other. Mrs. Gillimer, for that was the ſtranger's name, and her ſiſter were going to Southampton on the ſame account as Mrs. Williamſon, becauſe her huſband was there: but he had not as Capt. Williamſon, been abroad, or in danger; nor had they been long ſeparated from him.

Capt. Gillimer being called to Southampton on duty, his wife and family wiſhed to enjoy the pleaſures of that place for a ſhort time; but Mrs. Williamſon's viſit was on a much more intereſting occaſion: her

husband had long been in the service of his country, and after many campaigns now hoped for a respite to fatigue and danger, and to enjoy the society of his wife and child.

Mrs. Gillimer mentioned the lodgings that were taken for her; and, after expressing a hope of seeing Mrs. Williamson there, and thanking her for the hospitable reception she had given them, again reminded her children that it was time to pursue their journey. It was not without regret that they parted from Ursula, with whose society they thought they should be much pleased, (so apt are first impressions to affect young minds;) and she had already formed the most favourable opinion of them.—"I'll tell you why, mamma," said she, after they were gone; "because

Margaret was so ready to run with the shilling to the poor little girls, and because Edward shed tears when his sister was hurt." "Very good reasons both," said Mrs. Williamson, "as far as they go; and I am glad you have so much observation as not to let these things escape you. Accustom yourself, my dear Ursula, to examine minutely, and judge not so much from words as from actions."

All now was hurry and pleasure in Mrs. Williamson's dwelling; and the thought of seeing one they so affectionately loved added alacrity to their preparations. Her household consisted but of few domestics, two men and two female servants; one of each was to accompany their mistress and Ursula on their journey; and it was only regretted by those who staid behind that they should

not ſo ſoon ſee a maſter, whom they had every reaſon to love and reſpect.

The head man had been a ſoldier, and ſerved under Capt. Williamſon; and for a ſlight wound, which rendered him unfit for ſervice, had been diſcharged with a ſmall penſion: he was therefore preferred to attend his miſtreſs; and the houſe was left in the care of his wife, and a younger man who had the charge of the grounds round it and the garden.

CHAPTER II.

"The touch of kindred too and love he feels."

IN a few days, Urſula and her mother were at Southampton. The pleaſing expectation of whom they were to meet there, kept them from expreſſing the admiration with which they viewed the entrance into it. "I wonder where Mrs. Gillimer and Margaret are," was what Urſula was going to ſay, when ſhe ſaw her father, at the door of the houſe in which he had taken apartments for them; and Margaret, Edward, and all whom ſhe had ever known, were

forgotten by her, except the parent who held her in his arms with rapture; nor could he give her liberty, but that he might embrace her mother.

The pleaſure this meeting afforded, after ſo long an abſence, can eaſier be conceived than deſcribed; and their joy was mutual. To ſee him in ſafety, after ſo many dangers, was more than Mrs. Williamſon could expreſs; and what he felt, on thus beholding his wife and child, the latter ſo grown, and affection for him beaming in the countenances of both, muſt be left to the imagination of my readers. After the firſt tumult of pleaſure was over, Samuel, their old and faithful ſervant, was allowed to offer his congratulations; he truly expreſſed the ſtrong attachment he felt to his former captain,

and whom now he ſerved with all the feelings of a friend.

Dinner had been prepared for them; after partaking of which, and with her father and mother, it ſeemed the ſweeteſt meal ſhe had ever taſted. Urſula had time again to think of Margaret:—"I wonder whether ſhe has felt the pleaſure I have, in meeting her father," thought ſhe; and ſhe mentioned Mrs. Gillimer to her mother. "Gillimer!" ſaid the captain; "do you know him?—We were in the ſame regiment ſome years back, and within theſe few days have renewed our acquaintance."

Mrs. Williamſon then related the incident which introduced the ladies of his family to her knowledge, and that they had promiſed to ſee each other at Southampton.—"They are

in lodgings Above Bar," continued ſhe. "Urſula, will you take Samuel with you, and go and call on your new friends?" "O, mamma," replied Urſula, half afraid that ſhe meant what ſhe ſaid, though ſhe ſaw a ſmile on her countenance as ſhe ſpoke, "how can you think ſo! what for me to go out among ſo many people! and beſides, would I leave my dear father almoſt as ſoon as we have met!" and perceiving his arms were open to receive her, ſhe ran into them, and again gave way to her feelings, by enfolding hers around his neck.

"My deareſt child," ſaid he, "have you forgot the time when you uſed to ſit upon my knee, and ſing, and tell me ſtories as you called them, till my head was nearly ſtunned?" "I do but juſt remember it,

papa," anſwered Urſula; "but I almoſt wiſh that time was ſtill, I was ſo happy then, and ſo I am ſtill," added ſhe, renewing her embraces: "what can I wiſh for more!"

Mr. and Mrs. Williamſon felt all the affection of parents; and the looks of both, as their eyes were directed to each other, ſeemed to beſpeak anxiety, mixed with pleaſure, as they contemplated the beloved object of their mutual care: but theſe were feelings which only themſelves and parents like them can enter into. Urſula at that moment could not admit anxiety, "no ſenſe had ſhe of ills to come;" and not having yet experienced the deluſion of its pleaſures, "to her young life ſeemed full of charms;" and ſhe was at a loſs to account for the expreſſion ſhe ſaw in their faces: but this

was alſo forgotten as ſoon as obſerved, for ſomething elſe attracted her attention: in the buſy ſcene now before her all was new, and ſhe went to the window to obſerve what was paſſing; while her father and mother continued talking of things more intereſting to them.

The next morning Urſula was up before her parents, and began to regret the garden, in which ſhe had been uſed to run before breakfaſt, and taſte the freſh air from the downs. She was ſhown what was called the garden belonging to the houſe; but ſhe turned with diſguſt from a little ſpot not above ten yards long, and in which ſhe ſeemed pent up between two walls.

"I wiſh my father was up," ſaid ſhe to the maid who was with her; "perhaps he would take a walk with

me.—Dear me! Anne, if this is the town, how uncomfortable muſt thoſe be who live always in it!" "Why look at thoſe little boys and girls at the next door, miſs," replied the maid, as ſhe ſtood at the window; "they are playing in a yard not ſo big as this, and yet they don't ſeem confined." Urſula acknowledged the truth of her remark, and ſhe ſtood watching their amuſement till ſhe was called to breakfaſt, after which, Capt. Williamſon went out on buſineſs; and, with a wiſhful look, ſhe aſked if ſhe might not accompany him; but, on his promiſe to return as ſoon as poſſible and walk with them, ſhe cheerfully aſſiſted her mother in unpacking, till he arrived; and then, with one under each arm, though Urſula could hardly reach to feel the benefit of it,

he ſallied forth, declaring himſelf at that moment one of the happieſt men in the world.

They had not walked far, when Urſula wiſhed to ſtop at the window of every ſhop they paſſed. "What beautiful things!" ſaid ſhe.—"O, mamma, I thought, this morning, that I ſhould not like to live in a town; but to ſee ſuch things as theſe, and to have an opportunity of buying whatever we want, without the trouble it is in the country, it certainly is better." "If we did not ſee them," ſaid Mrs. Williamſon, "here are twenty things which we ſhould not know we wanted; and as for their beauty, my dear,—are half the things you ſee here, to be compared to the roſes and flowers in our garden?" "But they are ſo different," returned Urſula, "and are ſuch

pretty ornaments for a room." "Our flowers are much prettier," ſaid Mrs. Williamſon, "and are got with much leſs trouble than theſe are." "But I am tired of them, mamma." "So you would of theſe, my dear; nor would you be ſo much at liberty to throw theſe away as you are the flowers, which coſt nothing, and may eaſily be replaced; but theſe trifles are made valuable by their price, and you muſt keep them ſtill, though you may be tired of ſeeing them. Such whimſical creatures then as we are ſhould chooſe the cheapeſt ornaments, that we may change them often."

Urſula's anſwer was interrupted by the return of her father, who had croſſed the road to ſpeak to a gentleman, and now introduced Capt. Gillimer to them. "Margaret's father,"

ſaid Urſula to herſelf, as ſoon as ſhe heard his name; and ſhe eyed him with peculiar attention, though ſhe could obſerve nothing in him which gave her pleaſure.—"He does not look half ſo handſome as my father," thought ſhe, as ſhe ſilently followed them to Mrs. Gillimer's lodgings.

"I have not ſeen my wife to day," ſaid he; "but I have no doubt that ſhe is at home, and will be happy to ſee Mrs. Williamſon: I will attend you to her." Mrs. Gillimer and her ſiſter received their viſiters with pleaſure; and Margaret, who was engaged with her drawing maſter, was immediately called to ſee Urſula.

They embraced each other as old friends. "Your face and arm are quite well, I hope," ſaid Urſula. "O, yes, I thank you," anſwered

Margaret.—"I have been earneſtly expecting your arrival, and hope we ſhall be often together; for with only my little brother for a companion, I am very uncomfortable."

Capt. Gillimer now apologized for leaving his company.—"I am particularly engaged," ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to Capt. Williamſon; "but I leave my wife, and all her train, in your charge: I know they are in good hands; I cannot walk with them myſelf, but perhaps you will;" and, with two or three unmeaning apologies, he left the room.

On Margaret's promiſing to pay double attention to his inſtructions, the next leſſon, the drawing maſter was diſmiſſed: and Edward being left in the care of a ſervant, the whole party now went out together, and firſt viſited the library, then the

quay and platform, from which they admired the beautiful woods on the oppoſite ſide of the river, and promiſed themſelves much pleaſure in taking a nearer view of them.

Urſula was delighted with a companion of her own age; and as ſhe leant on Margaret's arm, could almoſt fancy her the ſiſter ſhe had been ſo long wiſhing for. After obſerving the many new buildings which were adding to the town, and viſiting the caſtle, now the reſidence of the Marquis of Lanſdowne, they parted;—but not till Urſula had aſked her mother if ſhe might walk with Anne on the beach, the next morning before breakfaſt, and promiſed to call Margaret to accompany her.

They had agreed to drink tea at Mrs. Gillimer's lodging; and the

evening was ſpent without ſeeing her huſband, whoſe fondneſs for drinking company, Capt. Williamſon told his wife, would ſeldom allow him to ſpend any time at home. There was ſomething in Mrs. Gillimer which had greatly intereſted Mrs. Williamſon at their firſt meeting, and ſhe was now ſtill more inclined to feel for her ſituation; having herſelf the happineſs of ſo affectionate a huſband, Mrs. Gillimer appeared doubly unhappy.

During their walk in the evening, Margaret obſerved with regret the difference of her father's conduct to the fond attention Capt. Williamſon paid his daughter.—"You are very happy in having ſuch a kind father," ſaid ſhe; "how often he talks to you: for my part I ſeldom get a word from mine, but to find fault."

"What a pity!" returned Urſula: "but you have more brothers and ſiſters, have you not?" "Two brothers at ſchool, and a ſiſter Jane who is at preſent on a viſit to my uncle." "That is pleaſant," ſaid Urſula, "it is what I ſo much wiſh for.—Are you not very happy when you are all together?" "Not always: my ſiſter is older than I am, and ſhe likes to have the command; and when my brothers are at home, they ſeem to think girls are only an incumbrance; we ſeldom walk with them." Urſula could not underſtand how theſe things could be, and ſhe was inclined to think her young friend liked to find fault, or was eaſily diſpleaſed.

The next morning, according to agreement, they walked together on the beach; and Urſula felt a plea-

ſure quite new, in watching the glittering waves as they came rippling to the ſhore, and found the freſh breezes playing over her face and neck. "This is delightful," ſaid ſhe; "I was never ſo near the water in my life." "What would you ſay to the wide ocean then!" returned Margaret; "where you can ſee no oppoſite coaſt, and nothing but the ſea for miles and miles around you." "I think I ſhould feel more aſtoniſhment than pleaſure at ſuch a ſight," ſaid Urſula, "and certainly ſhould prefer a ſail on this river, than on the open ſea; I ſhould be frightened there."

After this, they walked home by St. Mary's; from whence they ſaw the bridge at Northam, and then parted for the morning. After breakfaſt, Urſula had the pleaſure of

walking with her father round the Polygon, and to the pleaſant village of Hill. So uſed to air and exerciſe at home, ſhe did not at all mind the heat of the morning, but returned full of delight to recount to her mother all ſhe had ſeen.

All ſtudy was for a ſhort time ſuſpended; and, though Margaret had maſters, Mrs. Williamſon gave Urſula leave to look on the firſt fortnight after her father's return as a holiday; and ſuch indeed ſhe found it, as there was no pleaſure of which ſhe did not partake with them.

While they were at dinner, a note was brought from Mrs. Gillimer, who had procured a boat to take them to the neighbouring village of Eling, and begged them to accompany her. Capt. Williamſon was again the only gentleman in the party, as

Capt. Gillimer was otherwiſe engaged. Mrs. Gillimer endeavoured to appear unconcerned at his abſence, but her countenance and frequent ſilence ſhowed ſhe felt it.

This excurſion offered freſh ſubjects for admiration, nor did the beauty of the country on either ſide eſcape their notice: and as they were deſirous of prolonging their pleaſure to the lateſt hour, they were not again at Southampton till the moon had riſen, and added freſh charms to the ſurrounding ſcenery;

"Throwing her line of radiance wide,
Far o'er the lightly curling tide,
That seem'd the yellow sands to chide."

All around was ſtill, the ſilence only interrupted by the gentle beating of the waves againſt the boat, and the regular daſhing of the oars; except that now and then a ſound

from the neighbouring ſhore came, waſted in the breeze, and broke the train of thoughts which ſuch a ſcene is calculated to inſpire.

"We cannot leave this boat without engaging it for to morrow," ſaid Capt. Williamſon; "when, ladies," addreſſing himſelf to Mrs. Gillimer and her ſiſter, "I hope you will join my party to Netley abbey." This invitation was readily accepted: and after walking home with their friends, Capt. Williamſon returned to his lodgings, with his wife and daughter.

"What were your thoughts, Urſula, during our row home?" ſaid Mrs. Williamſon.—"We were all very ſilent: let us know how your mind was employed?" Urſula was for ſome time at a loſs for an anſwer. "I really can't ſay that I thought of

any thing in particular, mamma," ſaid ſhe; "I had been thinking a great deal of Mrs. Gillimer before, how ſhe muſt envy you in having papa always with you: but when the moon was up, and all was ſo ſtill and ſilent, I felt more what I ſhould ſuppoſe a little baby does, when I have ſeen it lie ſmiling in the cradle; —not thinking, but in ſuch a calm compoſure, that nothing around it ſeems to diſturb."

"Tis very true," replied her father; "ſhe has given a juſt definition of my feelings at that time; it is like enchantment: but it may be compared to the light which the moon gives, which is but borrowed, ſo is the compoſure this occaſions; for when the charm is broken, all theſe feelings are diſſolved, and we look in vain for the ſtill calm we ſo late-

ly enjoyed:" Mrs. Williamſon acknowledged the ſame.

After talking over the beauties they had ſeen, they retired to bed; Urſula hoping ſhe ſhould dream of all ſhe had ſeen, and expreſſing herſelf more and more pleaſed with Southampton, and with her new friend Margaret every time ſhe ſaw her.

CHAPTER III.

"True wisdom, of celestial birth,
Can both instruct and cherish;
Other attainments are of earth,
And all that's earth must perish."

THE next morning the two friends again walked together before breakfast; after which, Ursula visited the rooms and other parts of the town with her father and mother, and then prepared for their visit to Netley abbey.

Capt. Williamson had persuaded Capt. Gillimer to join the party; and had invited two or three brother officers, with their ladies who had called on Mrs. Williamson; so that

more than one boat was neceſſary: Samuel and Anne went alſo, to prepare the refreſhments he had ordered for the occaſion.

The largeneſs of the party did not make it more agreeable to Mrs. Gillimer or Mrs. Williamſon, who no longer looked on each other as ſtrangers; though the preſence of her huſband was an agreeable ſurpriſe to the former, and Capt. Williamſon by every attention in his power endeavoured to make all feel themſelves at eaſe.

When landed, and as they walked towards the ruins, Urſula and Margaret were as uſual together, each expreſſing the gratification they expected in viewing a place of which they had heard ſo much. Margaret's aunt ſoon joined them, and at her requeſt ſhe repeated to them

the following ſonnet to Netley abbey, written by Bowles.

" Fall'n pile! I aſk not what has been thy fate;
But when the weak winds, wafted from the main,
Through each low arch, like ſpirits that complain,
Come mourning to my ear, I meditate
On this world's paſſing pageant; and on thoſe
Who once like thee majeſtic and ſublime
Have ſtood, till, bow'd beneath the hand of time,
Or hard miſhap, at their ſad evening's cloſe
Their bold and beauteous port has ſunk forlorn.
Yet wearing ſtill a charm that age and cares
Could ne'er subdue, decking the ſilver hairs
Of ſorrow.—As with ſhort-lived gleam the moon
Illumines, while it weeps, the rifted tower,
That lifts its forehead grey, and ſmiles beneath
the ſhower."

The band of the regiment attended, unknown to any of the party till it ſtruck up: this added a cheerfulneſs that was increaſed by the ſurpriſe it occaſioned. The young ones were determined to leave no part of the ruins unexplored, till they were joined in their reſearches

by Capt. Williamſon; who, after telling them of the danger there was in viſiting the moſt deſolate parts of it, led them to the refectory, where in former times the monks had feaſted: they then partook of the elegant repaſt he had ordered.

All was noiſy talk, except when the muſic played, and which Mrs. Williamſon was ſtill more inclined to thank her huſband for, when ſhe conſidered the trifling converſation it put a ſtop to. On their return home, Urſula obſerved it was not half ſo pleaſant a party as the evening before;—"and yet, papa," ſaid ſhe, "you meant it ſhould be more ſo, did you not?"

"I did not expect it, my dear," ſaid he; "for I know, among ſo many, all do not ſuit each other. Man is an inſtrument ſo ſoon put

out of tune, and each ſo varied, yet ſo nearly reſembling each other, a jarring note is often heard: and it is only by diſſimulation and the forms of politeneſs that total diſcord is prevented. My little girl is ready to aſk, — why then did you invite ſo many?—becauſe I muſt; politeneſs and the rules of ſociety obliged me: yet I felt aſhamed, while I ſaid that I ſhould be happy to ſee them, knowing at the time the pleaſure would be little. And this is the way the world goes on,—viſiting and being viſited, expreſſing pleaſure and feeling none." "And what is worſe," obſerved Mrs. Williamſon, "this employment, while many own it a deception, they ſtill continue, till it wears off what little ſenſe of feeling they might have had; and they are at laſt content to end their

lives in the ſame round of form and folly, without a thought beyond it."

And here let the author add a word or two of her own. Such is the caſe alſo with many others, who move under a thicker veil of deception: they talk of nobler aims and views, more worthy the dignity of man; they form to themſelves a round of duties, with which they cheat their conſciences; and, depending on a reward for theſe hereafter, pity and deſpiſe the trifling circle they have left; till at the laſt they find, according to the motto of the preſent chapter, "theſe attainments are of earth, and all that's earth muſt periſh."

"Ah, this is one of the author's old remarks," I think I hear my reader ſay; "we know her notions are ſtrange and ſtrict, but we can live

without them, and without entering into either of the rounds ſhe ſpeaks of.—'Domeſtic happineſs, fire-ſide enjoyments,' muſic, and well-choſen books, theſe are pleaſures in which we envy none; nor need the reſources of ſpleen and contemning all except ourſelves 'to form the mind to deeds of virtue." Hold! hold! my reader; ſeize not the prerogative of the Almighty; tis He alone who maketh what is good and virtuous: but I proceed on my tale, and let the ſequel teach.

This was the plan Capt. Williamſon had long formed; it was with theſe employments he hoped to ſooth his declining years, look back on the dangers he had paſſed, and quit the army and the world together. He fancied he had found his wife and daughter all he wiſhed, and as

well inclined to ſuch a life as himſelf; and in a few months, at which time he hoped to obtain his diſcharge, he promiſed himſelf eaſe and affluence, in the retreat they had left; with no other care than that of training up his only child in the paths of ſcience and of virtue, and to lead her mind beyond the trifling purſuits of the age ſhe lived in: but theſe were viſionary ſchemes, and only eaſy in the imagination of him who is unacquainted with his own heart.

Virtue is a plant that will not grow in ſuch a ſoil, let man do all he can to rear it; and unleſs planted and watered by a Divine Hand his labour is but vain: but this was left for Capt. Williamſon to learn hereafter: in the buſtle of the army, and attending on the duties of his

ſtation, he had but little time to reflect; and theſe reflections were drawn from authors who knew as little as himſelf the nature and the ſtate of human kind.

The next day Capt. Williamſon dined out, and Mrs. Williamſon and Urſula ſpent the day at Mrs. Gillimer's. After dinner the young friends went to a room aſſigned them.—"And now," ſaid Margaret, what ſhall I do to amuſe you?—ſhall we play at any thing?" "Have you no doll?" aſked Urſula, who ſtill retained ſo much of the child about her as to be fond of playthings. "I have one or two at home," anſwered Margaret; "but, to tell you the truth, I think myſelf too old to play with them:—are you not above ſuch things as theſe?" "Dear, why?" returned Urſula; who was at preſent

free from the ideas children learn of each other; and being unaccuſtomed to any ſociety but her mother's, had not learnt to be aſhamed of what afforded her amuſement; "is there any harm in playing with a doll?" "No; but it is ſo childiſh,—ſo baby-like: I am almoſt twelve years old; and great girls may have better amuſements." "Of what ſort?" anſwered Urſula, quickly; "you ſeem at a loſs at preſent;—why don't you bring them forward?" Margaret bluſhed at this remark.—"My ſiſter would laugh to ſee me fond of a doll, when ſhe came home," ſaid ſhe; "ſhe laid them by at twelve years old." "And what does ſhe do to amuſe herſelf?" aſked Urſula. "O, we know a great many young folks, and ſhe viſits them; ſhe has two or three ſhe is very intimate with, and

ſome, with whom ſhe has made an acquaintance at ſchool, and to theſe ſhe writes very frequently.—She is alſo very fond of books, and ſhe reads a great deal." "But then ſhe is older than either you or I," returned Urſula; "perhaps at her age I may find pleaſure in theſe things alſo, though as for acquaintance to viſit, or friends to write to, I am not likely to have many where I am."

"And ſo much the better, my dear Urſula," ſaid Mrs. Gillimer, who had been in the room for ſomething ſhe wanted; "for it is but the appearance of friendſhip. Margaret ſays, her ſiſter viſits her friends only when ſhe wants amuſement, and the pen is often taken up for the ſame purpoſe.—Neither is this confined to poor Jane alone; there are many who form friendſhips and ac-

quaintances from the like cauſe.—But Margaret, you can find ſomething to amuſe your friend with, better than talking thus: where are your travelling maps? cannot you make the tour of England?"

"O! thank you, mamma, for thinking of that," replied Margaret. "Do you like it, Urſula?" "Yes, very much; I have them at home; and mamma and I often travel together in the winter evenings: we have the geographical and hiſtorical games alſo.—I am at no loſs for amuſement with her; but when I am alone I play with my doll, and make her clothes, or go into the garden and gather flowers, ſome of thoſe flowers which firſt introduced me to you," added ſhe, ſmiling.

The game was no ſooner adjuſted, than they were interrupted by little

Edward, who would not be quiet unleſs he played with them, and yet was too young to enter into it. "What ſhall we do now?" ſaid Margaret; "if I put him out of the room, mamma will be angry, for he is ſuch a darling." "Can't we give him ſomething elſe to play with?" aſked Urſula: and his whole ſtock of playthings was exhibited before him, but none would do. "I will play with you," ſaid he.—"I can ſpin the teetotum, you know; mamma always lets me ſpin it for her." And at laſt it was agreed, that, to pleaſe him, he ſhould ſpin it for both; and with this he was ſatisfied, till the travellers had got about half through their journey; he then chofe to have the management of them alſo, removed them from their

ſtation, and turned the whole progreſs upſide down.

"This is always the way," ſaid Margaret, much out of humour.—"I never can do any thing but he interrupts me; and he is ſo indulged.—You ſee now what it is to have a brother," continued ſhe; "for my part I wiſh I had none, or that this was old enough to go to ſchool with the others."

Soon after this they were called to tea; after which, they walked: and, on their returning home, Mrs. Williamſon aſked her daughter if ſhe had received pleaſure from her viſit. Urſula immediately related the account Margaret had given of her ſiſter:—"and Mrs. Gillimer ſays," added ſhe, "that moſt friendſhips and acquaintances are made becauſe people do not know what to do with

their time." "More than half of them are," replied Mrs. Williamſon; "look to the cauſe which makes you ſo fond of Margaret;—is it not becauſe you are tired of being alone? and her company is a change, when that is the caſe." "Perhaps it may, mamma; but after an acquaintance is formed, from thoſe motives, may it not be continued? becauſe we really have an affection for each other, and are friends indeed." "Experience only can teach you this, my love," anſwered her mother; "nothing yet has happened to prove the ſtability of yours; but hitherto you have ſought each other for the ſame end, and becauſe you have filled up the vacuity to each other, which abſence from home and your uſual occupations occaſion: but let ſomething intervene,—ſome more agreea-

ble companion, or ſuppoſing ſhe is not ſo, yet, as being new, her ſociety may be ſought for in preference to the others.

"I can hardly believe it, mamma," ſaid Urſula: "but I have learnt ſomething elſe too; I begin to think it is not ſo deſirable to have a brother, at leaſt not while they are ſo young as Edward; for, do you know, when we were in the height of our game, with the travelling maps, he turned it all topſyturvy, and put an end to it in a minute; he was ſo troubleſome too; nay, Margaret wiſhed ſhe had not any brothers, ſhe did indeed!" "There I am ſure ſhe was wrong," anſwered Mrs. Williamſon.—"What Providence has given to her, he has withheld from you, and is equally kind in both his diſpenſations.—But there

is no advantage without ſomething that is diſagreeable; ſuch is the waywardneſs of a child; and yet when grown up, he will be a protector and friend to you,—that is, if he acts the part he ought: and even in their infancy, though brothers are ſometimes tireſome as you call it, they can at other times amuſe you; and the ſimplicity of childhood is always pleaſing."

CHAPTER IV.

"If more refined amusements please,
As knowledge, arts, or learning,
A moment puts an end to these,
And sometimes short's the warning.

What balm could wretches ever find
In wit, to heal affliction?
Or, who can cure a troubled mind
With all the pomp of diction."

URSULA was soon to experience what her mother had declared; for in a few weeks Margaret had met with other acquaintance, and she no longer expressed the pleasure she formerly had in being with her. These were of more consequence, their parents kept a carriage, and Margaret now rode with them instead of walking with Ursula.

"Can we blame her choice?" ſaid Capt. Williamſon to his daughter, when ſhe complained of her neglect. "The Miſſes Rowland have more to offer her than you have; and, how do you know that you would not prefer their company in a carriage to hers without one? and beſides, who knows, if your mamma and I were to ſet up a coach, and keep four horſes inſtead of two, whether Margaret would not renew her friendſhip with you?" "I would not give a farthing for ſuch a friend," replied Urſula, with indignation; "I don't think I could ſpeak to her again." "O, don't ſay ſo, you don't know what you would do," ſaid her father; "tis in

'This fatal ring,
This folly's circle,' that 'they are happieſt who
Diſſemble beſt.' 'They the moſt polite,
Who ſquander time and treaſure with a ſmile,

Though at their own deſtruction. She that aſks
Her dear five hundred friends contemns themſelves,
And hates their coming. They, what can they less?
Make juſt repriſals, and with cringe, and ſhrug,
And bow obſequious, hide their hate of her.'
Tis here we 'form connections, but acquire no friends :'

and, as the ſame poet ſays, in another place,

'While experience cautions us in vain,
Graſp ſeeming happineſs, and find it pain!'

Unleſs this ſhould be the caſe with you, my dear Urſula, you have learnt a leſſon in Southampton which will be uſeful to you all your life; and, for the future, you will not chooſe your friends with a 'ſchool boy's haſte,' but learn to diſcriminate who are worthy of that name.—I have had many ſuch friends as yours, and indeed believe I have none other, except my wife and yourſelf; but with theſe I am happy, and hope to let you ſee I am ſo, in a very few weeks."

It was within that time Capt. Williamſon hoped to obtain his diſcharge, and to return home with his family.—But to return to Margaret: her new friends, the Miſſes Rowland, quitted Southampton ſooner than ſhe expected, and ſhe was again at a loſs for a companion. Although Mrs. Williamſon continued to viſit Mrs. Gillimer, it was not ſo frequently as at firſt; each had increaſed their acquaintance, and conſequently had not ſo much time to beſtow on the other: but Margaret would gladly have returned to Urſula; who, though ſhe could not avoid being ſometimes with her, no longer thought it any pleaſure, and was content to take her morning's walk with Anne alone.

When they were together, the Miſſes Rowland were the ſubject of

converſation with Margaret, and Urſula could not forbear letting her know, that ſhe thought her neglect of her on their account made her no longer worthy of her friendſhip. "You muſt miſs their company very much," ſaid ſhe, diſdainfully. "O, no," anſwered Margaret, with a ſmile, "not when I can have yours." "I am only ſecond then," replied Urſula, returning her ſmile. "And pray what right have you to be any other?" ſaid Margaret, who ſaw ſhe was offended, and thought it beſt to be angry firſt. "None that I know of," anſwered Urſula, ſtill more contemptuouſly; "my father does not keep a carriage, and theirs does: as for the old claim of being firſt known to you, that is quite laid aſide in theſe faſhionable times, and if it has no weight with you, I am not going

to remind you of it." "Dear me! how angry you are," ſaid Margaret: "when did I do any thing to deſerve it?—Inſtead of walking with you before breakfaſt, I rode with them, that is all; and would not you have done the ſame, if you had had the opportunity?—as for the Miſſes Rowland, I don't like them at all; I think the eldeſt very proud, and the ſecond very ſilly."

Such was the way Margaret endeavoured to regain the favour of her former friend; and would have ſucceeded, had not Urſula continually heard from her father what little dependance was to be put on thoſe, who, when they could no longer benefit by the luxuries and advantages of their friends, would contemn them, in hopes of gaining others.—"Don't you ſee," ſaid he, "that ſhe

would ſay the ſame of you to them, were they to require it?—'I don't like Urſula Williamſon,' ſhe would ſay; 'ſhe is ſo conceited, and requires ſo much attention to be paid her, ſhe expects no one is to be noticed but herſelf."

"Would ſhe ſay right, papa?" aſked Urſula, after ſome conſideration." "There is ſome cunning in that queſtion," ſaid he, laughing; "and I will not anſwer it juſt at preſent, becauſe I am not ſure that I could do it as you wiſh." "O, papa, you have anſwered it already, I think," ſaid ſhe, bluſhing.—"However, I'll have no more to do with Margaret, if ſhe can ſay ſuch things as theſe of me, and yet ſtile herſelf my friend." "She would be acting the part of a real one," obſerved Mrs. Williamſon, "if ſhe was to tell

you this openly, and without diſſimulation: but when ſhe ſpeaks in the terms ſhe does of the Miſſes Rowland, and behind their back, ſhe proves herſelf not worthy the title.

During their ſtay at Southampton, Capt. and Mrs. Williamſon, with Urſula, viſited Hythe, Hamble, Peartree green, Portſwood, and many other places in its neighbourhood; and in theſe excurſions eſcaped the giddy crowd that would have drawn them into "the vortex of diſſipation;"—till, at the three month's end, the captain obtained the diſcharge he had ſo long been wiſhing for; and honourably quitted a ſtation he had filled, with reputation.

No ſooner had he taken leave of all his acquaintance, than he ſat off with his family to the peaceful vil-

lage of Combrook, determined to cultivate his grounds and garden, and lead "a life the Sabine bard might envy;" laying in alſo a ſtock of books, with which "to cheat the dreary hours of winter."

"You ſhall ride on horſeback with me, Urſula," ſaid he, as they were on their journey home; "if your mother is ſo afraid of a horſe that I could never perſuade her to venture, I hope you are not; it will be ſuch pleaſure to mount the downs together: and perhaps, from what ſhe hears us deſcribe at our return, ſhe may be tempted to overcome her fears, and accompany us." Mrs. Williamſon ſaid it would be a ſtrong inducement, and Urſula was delighted with the propoſal.

When they arrived at home they found all things in perfect order, and

the gardens full of fruits and flowers. The ſervants rejoiced to ſee their maſter, and to hear he would no more be expoſed to the dangers of war. His return was ſoon made known to the people of the village, ſome of whom had children who ſerved under him; and theſe, as ſoon as it was in his power, he ſaw; and cheered their hearts, by kindly ſpeaking of their ſons, and telling them they were well.

In a few days after they were ſettled at home, Urſula took her firſt ride on horſeback, and was as much gratified as her fond father could wiſh. Ever accuſtomed to examine nature, ſhe was a great admirer of it; and, poſſeſſing a ſtrong underſtanding and ardent feelings, ſhe could, though ſo young, enter into all her father's views, and enjoy

whatever gave him pleaſure; he encouraged her to be open and unreſerved; and, while he neglected nothing by which ſhe could be improved, he anticipated the time, when ſhe ſhould be, in his eyes, a model of perfection: but, alas! he was only forming an ideal character which belongs not to our fallen ſtate.

Urſula would have been as perverſe and froward as any other child, had not the unremitted attention of her mother checked the progreſs of theſe evils. As it was, the increaſing affection of both her parents gave her an high opinion of her own abilities, and much ſelf conſequence; ſhe could not but obſerve that they were attentive to every remark ſhe made, and their partiality inclined them to admire it.

She was now nearly thirteen; and

much pains had been taken in her education; beſides the common inſtructions of reading, writing, and arithmetic, her mother had taught her geography, and a perfect knowledge of her own language; ſhe had alſo obtained ſome knowledge of hiſtory and french; and had read ſuch books as, being not beyond her underſtanding, aſſiſted its improvement: her father now began to open to her view a larger field of knowledge; and, as ſhe heard him read the beſt authors, ſhe acquired a taſte above the common herd of triflers, who ſpend their time in "balls and routs and public places," where they hear nothing but the ſame repeated ſound of prattling nonſenſe and tireſome inſipidity. The works of Thompſon, Cowper, Beattie, Collins, and Gray, he firſt introduced to

her notice; and she learned to estimate them, as the descriptions they gave accorded with her own feelings: as she grew older, Milton and Shakespeare presented new charms, and scenes unknown before; she acquired a correct taste, and was never at a loss for employment or amusement.

Thus passed the early days of Ursula, while living with her father and mother; they walked and rode, or else cultivated their garden; they read together, and wanted no other companion; till at length the sudden death of Capt. Williamson put a stop to all their visionary pleasures, and discovered to his afflicted wife and daughter, that all this cultivated taste, and poetic reasoning, would not support them in the trying hour.

"Fancy enervates while it ſooths the heart,
And while it dazzles ſhrouds the mental ſight,
To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold night."

And Urſula and her mother found the truth of this remark, they knew not the only reſource in the hour of grief: tis true, theſe authors direct us to look to heaven in all our diſtreſs, but the God of heaven they do not know. Their god is an idol of their own making: and the dark views preſented to the mind whichever way we turn, the heart-conſuming grief, which not all their efforts can remove, too plainly ſhow that they have fixed upon the wrong object; and man, with all his boaſted reaſon and unnumbered dictates of philoſophy, patient ſufferings, the powers of the mind, and whatever elſe they draw from the ſame ſource, need

only feel affliction's load, to find their judgment vain.

I ſhall paſs over the exceſſive grief of Mrs. Williamſon and Urſula, on this melancholy occaſion; it ſeemed a ſtroke by which every enjoyment was taken from them; the dream of life was fled; and their uſual avocations afforded but the augmentation of their grief. The remembrance of him, who ſhared their pleaſures and their purſuits, ſhed a gloom over every employment; and had not an event, which I ſhall mention in my next chapter, helped to rouſe them from their extreme diſtreſs, they would have ſunk together in deſponding melancholy, and even thought it right to ſuffer an unavailing grief thus to overwhelm them.

"Tis meet that I should mourn:
Flow forth afresh my tears."

CHAPTER V

"Remembrance wakes with all her buſy train,
Swells at my breaſt, and turns the paſt to pain."

URSULA was but ſixteen when her father died, and ſtill retained much of the ſimplicity of childhood. Though her mind had been improved and cultivated, her manners were unreſtrained and artleſs: and, quite unacquainted with the world, ſhe thought ſhe was leading a life far ſuperior to the giddy round that had been deſcribed to her. Yet, when ſhe loſt her father, and felt the poignant grief ſuch a loſs occaſioned, ſhe was almoſt inclined to aſk, if the

mental pleaſure ſhe had received, could counterbalance ſuch a ſorrow; and with Mrs. Greville, whoſe well-known prayer for indifference, ſhe had often wondered at, make the ſame petition:—

"Take then this treacherous ſenſe of mine;
Which dooms me ſtill to ſmart,
Which pleaſure can to pain refine,
To pain new pangs impart."

At this time, a new turn was given to her feelings, by the arrival of a family who were nearly related to her father, and on whoſe eſtate their houſe was ſituated. The manſion belonging to it had for a long time been occupied only by a farmer and his wife; but it was now put into repair, and fitted up for the owners of it; and, in the month of June, about twelve weeks after the death of Captain Williamſon, the widow of

his elder brother, and ſix children, came to reſide in it. Her eldeſt ſon was about eighteen, and at college; and her youngeſt a boy of five years old: the reſt were daughters; Lydia, the eldeſt of whom, was juſt a twelvemonth older than Urſula, Cecilia one year younger; and Frances and Mary were both under ten. With this family came Mr. Grey, an old man, who was an uncle of the elder Mrs. Williamſon, and Mrs. Bellers, a widow lady, governeſs to the girls.

In their ſociety Mrs. Williamſon hoped to find her ſorrow alleviated; as ſhe was not entirely unacquainted with her ſiſter in law, and knew ſhe loved a domeſtic life. It was a fine ſummer's evening when they arrived. Urſula and her mother were at the houſe to receive them.

A few months before, the heart of our heroine would have beat high with the expectation of theſe relations and friends ſo new to her; ſhe would have been impatient to have ſeen them all, to form an opinion of their various diſpoſitions, and when they were alone, to talk them over with her father and mother: but now he was gone, who uſed to give the principal zeſt to all their converſation, ſhe had no pleaſure in the thought of their arrival, and would gladly have been excuſed ſeeing any one. All ſeemed to feel for her; the young one particularly: at their age the heart is tender, and the feelings ſtronger; and their mother wept with hers, when ſhe ſaw her diſtreſs; and memory recalled the huſband ſhe had loſt, four years before.

'Lydia particularly addreſſed the

weeping Urſula.—"My dear couſin," ſaid ſhe, "will you allow me to be your friend,—your companion? it ſhall be my earneſt care to remove your melancholy." Urſula gave her hand, but ſhe could not anſwer: and looking round on all her couſins, ſhe ſeemed to wiſh to bid them all welcome. Cecilia, the ſecond girl, whoſe countenance beſpoke a cheerful vivacity, now came forward.—"I would ſay what my ſiſter has ſaid before me," ſaid ſhe:—"nothing on my part, I hope, will prevent our loving each other as friends."

Frances and Mary were then introduced to their aunt and couſin; and little Daniel, who, when he had given them one pitying look, on obſerving their black clothes, and the tears they ſhed, was more deſirous of going to bed than offering them

comfort; and his requeſt was ſoon complied with. Mr. Grey alſo, calling for his ſervant, retired with him; apologizing to the ladies for leaving them ſo abruptly, by ſaying he was much fatigued with his journey. His age and infirmities had not entirely blunted his feelings; he pitied their grief; and felt it more, becauſe he knew it was beyond his power to leſſen.

When a little more acquainted with this old gentleman, Urſula thought ſhe ſhould like him very much; there was ſo much good humour about him, and a bluntneſs, which rendered his converſation always intereſting.—"What," ſaid he, when he ſaw the contents of their bookcaſe, and heard Urſula ſay ſhe had read them all with her father; "and could not all theſe authors

teach you to ſupport his loſs? poor dear! your ſtudy, I fear, has been but of little uſe: the beſt book is wanting; is it not?" "The Bible, ſir?" ſaid Urſula, proud of knowing what he meant; "it is here:" and ſhe handed it down, in a very handſome cover. "Ah, not much read, I perceive," ſaid he, with a ſmile, "by the duſt on its outſide, and its cleanneſs within.—No leaves folded down in this book; no papers put in at ſtriking paſſages.—Your father did not direct your attention here." "He directed me to all that was good and amiable, ſir," replied Urſula; ready to take offence at any thing which ſeemed to militate againſt her father's care of her. "Ah, poor girl!" ſaid her new friend, "you, like many others, are inclined to graſp the ſhadow for the ſubſtance:

but I cannot convince you of this; ſo we will drop the ſubject, if you pleaſe."

Urſula was not ſo well inclined to this, ſhe wiſhed to raiſe her father in his opinion; but all ſhe ſaid to that purpoſe ſeemed to have a contrary effect. She began to think herſelf miſtaken in the idea ſhe had formed of Mr. Grey; and, as ſhe walked with Lydia, in the evening, at a diſtance from the reſt of the party, de-determined to aſk his character of her.—"O, he is ſo good a man!" replied his niece: "and has gone through ſuch a variety of troubles; yet ſo ſupported under them, and ſo reſigned to the will of Providence, that my mother thinks us happy in having ſuch an example before our eyes.—Do you know he has been married, and that his wife proved

unfaithful to him?—A daughter, whom he tenderly loved, died, from what ſhe felt at the baſeneſs of a man to whom ſhe was engaged, and who ran away with an heireſs of greater fortune: and his ſon, in whom was every promiſe of being what his father wiſhed, was taken from him when moſt he wanted his aſſiſtance.—I was old enough to gain inſtruction by this laſt ſtroke, which appeared to me the worſt of all.—'My ſon is gone to heaven,' ſaid he, 'he is now made perfect in knowledge and in love, and has loſt this body of ſin and death, which I muſt yet carry about till my appointed time.'—This was the reſignation he obtained by prayer; for at firſt he was nearly overcome by what he felt."

"And his daughter, did he not

feel for her?" asked Ursula, whose heart melted at this account. "I did not witness his feelings then," said Lydia; "but I have heard him say he has not the same hope for her; she made an idol of her lover; which, pardon me, he says, you have done of your father, and that you are now idolizing his memory." "Can we love our parents too well?" inquired Ursula, with a look of distress heightened by surprise. "I believe we may," answered Lydia, "till we think it better to obey their precepts than the word of God; or, at least, so rest upon our obedience and love to them as to suppose no other duty necessary."

Ursula would have entered more largely into this subject, had not Mrs. Bellers and the rest of the party joined them: their conversation was

then more general; it turned on the beauties they were viewing; and Cecilia, ever wiſhing to give the livelieſt ideas of what ſhe felt, offered to repeat a few lines from the "Deſerted Village," as deſcriptive of the ſcene before them.——

"Sweet was the ſound; when, oft at evening's cloſe,
Up yonder hill the village murmur roſe.
There, as I paſs'd with careleſs ſteps and ſlow,
The mingled notes came, ſoftened from below.
The ſwain reſponſive, as the milkmaid ſung;
The ſober herd, that low'd to meet their young;
The noiſy geeſe, that gabbled o'er the pool;
The playful children, juſt let looſe from ſchool;
The watchdog's voice, that bay'd the whiſpering wind;
And the loud laugh, that ſpoke the vacant mind."

She then proceeded to the deſcription of the village ſchoolmaſter, in the ſame poem; "and which, the looks of the man we have juſt paſſed, and who bowed ſo profoundly to you, Urſula," ſaid ſhe, "reminds me

of." When ſhe had finiſhed, Mrs. Bellers ſaid ſhe knew not which to admire moſt, the author's accurate account of village wiſdom, or the good-humoured ſatire he had mixed with it.

On their return to the manſion houſe, Urſula met her mother: and here again ſhe ſaw Mr. Grey, whom ſhe now looked upon with increaſed reſpect and regard. On walking home with her mother, the greateſt part of their converſation was reſpecting him. "What could he mean," ſaid ſhe, "when he ſaid I was like many others,—graſping the ſhadow for the ſubſtance! ſurely he knows enough of me to be certain I don't purſue a viſionary joy in diſſipation, or the trifling things of the world.—I ſeek the ſociety of the wiſe and good, and live only to im-

prove myſelf: what can he mean?" "You muſt aſk him," replied Mrs. Williamſon.—"I have already diſcovered that we have not ſuch enlarged views of what is good and profitable as he has.—I hope we ſhall at leaſt learn a leſſon of reſignation from him; which alas! we both ſeverely feel the want of."

The next day Urſula went again, in hopes of ſeeing Mr. Grey; but he was not to be ſeen; and her attention was attracted towards Mrs. Bellers: who was giving leſſons to the children. Frances and Mary, with Daniel, were now her principal care; as the eldeſt girls, though not above receiving her inſtructions, were beyond the uſual mode of learning leſſons. That which the children were examined in this morning, was geography; and Fran-

ces was repeating what ſhe had learnt of Aſia. She told the names of the nations belonging to it, their chief cities, and the principal iſlands; among which ſhe named the Philippines:—"This," ſaid ſhe, "is not the place St. Paul viſited, and to which he wrote the Epiſtle in the Teſtament, is it?" "No," ſaid Mrs. Bellers, "certainly not, nor is it the ſame name; that was Philippi, a town in Greece: but it will be an improvement to our morning leſſon, and an agreeable exerciſe to our memory, to trace the travels of that great apoſtle, as they are recorded in the Scripture. We have plenty of time. But Lydia and Cecilia, we ſhall want your aſſiſtance here: I hope you are inclined to give it; and we muſt alſo have a map of the world before us; for this indefatiga-

ble labourer of the Lord visited every quarter of the globe then known; and, as his own epistles testify, suffered the extremest hardships, in thus propagating the gospel, and the most cruel treatment from those who were the enemies of it."

"The travels of St. Paul!" said Ursula, with surprise; "I never thought of tracing them; those of Ulysses I have often examined." "And so did we," returned Mrs. Bellers, "when reading the Odyssey: but I hope these travels are more interesting to my pupils.—As to us, it would have made very little difference whether Ulysses had gone *his* or not: but from Saint Paul's we are benefited, by the epistles he wrote to the churches, which he planted in many of the places he visited."

This subject was quite new to Ur-

ſula; ſhe had never been led even to reflect on the neceſſity of theſe things: and on her return home ſhe again expreſſed her ſurpriſe at what ſhe had heard to her mother.—"They ſeem to purſue a very different plan in their ſtudies to what we did," ſaid ſhe; "and yet they are not unacquainted with what is neceſſary.—They certainly read more of the Bible than we have done, and ſeem to bring it into whatever they are learning.—Who would have thought of a leſſon in geography from the Bible!" "I believe," anſwered Mrs. Williamſon, "that Mrs. Bellers, in inſtructing them, wiſhes to draw all her concluſions from the Scriptures. One day, when ſhe was ſpeaking of grammar to them, I heard her mention the tower of Babel, as the cauſe of different languages, and

the origin of all the various nations on the earth: and muſic, ſhe ſaid, was firſt mentioned in the Bible, as the invention of a very early age, —the ſixth generation from Cain, who was, you know, one of the ſons of Adam our firſt father.—The knowledge of metals, and forming them into various ſhapes, was alſo diſcovered in thoſe days."

"Well, all this is new to me," replied Urſula.—"I will read the Bible again; and as it is ſo much connected with hiſtory, perhaps I may find ſomething in it which I did not ſee before." And with this reſolution I will leave her for the preſent, and introduce my readers to a further acquaintance with her couſins.

CHAPTER VI.

"Infant reason grows apace, and calls for the kind hand of an assiduous care."

IT was the wish of the elder Mrs. Williamson, aided by Mrs. Bellers and Mr. Grey, to instill into the minds of her children a high respect for the Scriptures, as the foundation of all truth, whether divine or historical. She could not make them read it with the benefit her parental love would have wished; but she did not shut them out from a knowledge of the letter of it; neither did she suffer them to think that was sufficient; but directed them to ask instruction of a higher Guide than her-

ſelf or any earthly teacher. No branch of uſeful knowledge was neglected by the careful friends of this happy family, (I call them happy becauſe bleſſed with ſuch kind inſtructors); but a proper diſtinction was alway made between what would avail them in this life and that which is to come. Nor were they, as is ſometimes the caſe, ſo devoted to ſtudy and improvement, as to have no time for recreation. Air and exerciſe were conſtantly allowed them; and all the ſummer months they took their leſſons in the garden, under the ſhade of a great tree. Theſe were not long: and even their amuſements were ſo contrived as to be productive of inſtruction at the ſame time. One of theſe, which Mrs. Bellers uſed as an exerciſe of the memory, as well as of the body,

they were very fond of; and more ſo, as it was a play ſhe joined them in: it was this; a queſtion in hiſtory, geography, or whatever they had lately read, was written by Mrs. Bellers, folded up, and directed for Mary, Frances, or whoever it was intended for, and which was adapted to their knowledge, and ſuch as they ſhould be capable of anſwering. This was given to one of the others, to hide in ſome part of the garden: each had a queſtion thus to diſpoſe of, and then the ſearch began. As ſoon as one was found, it was given to her whoſe name was on the back; and who, if ſhe could anſwer it to the ſatisfaction of Mrs. Bellers, might write another queſtion herſelf, or depute that lady to do it for her, and then hide it as before: but if not able to anſwer it, a forfeit was ex-

pected; and this was given to Mrs. Bellers, who produced it the next morning, as a token that an additional leſſon was to be learnt by her to whom it belonged.

Mr. Grey often preſided at this game; and his company always gave pleaſure to the young ones; for he had ſo gained their affections, by his good humour, that they were never happier than when he was with them; and to walk with him, or wait upon him in his room, was an honour they were all deſirous of. He had noticed Lydia from a child: ſhe was of the ſame name as his daughter; and, as ſhe grew up, he thought he ſaw a ſerioufneſs in her, and a wiſh to be a partaker of other bleſſings than "this world's good," which attached him ſtill cloſer to her; and which he watch-

ed with all the earneſtneſs a deſire for the ſoul's future happineſs awakens. He often put into her hands thoſe books which treat of that important ſubject, and was pleaſed to find her attention was arreſted by them. Urſula one day found her reading the "Pilgrim's Progreſs."

"What," ſaid ſhe, "are you ſtudying that ſimple ſtory! is it ſo very intereſting as I have heard it is?" "Far more ſo than you imagine, I believe," anſwered Lydia, "by the way you ſpeak of it: there are many very important truths hid under this allegory, Mr. Grey ſays; and I own I am deſirous of finding them out, though at preſent I have but a dark idea of them." "Does Mr. Grey read it?" aſked Urſula: "but I need not wonder if he does," continued ſhe, checking her ſurpriſe;

"for I have read that Dr. Johnſon much admired it, and ſaid it was the only book that he was ſorry when he he had finiſhed it: but it is ſeeing it in the houſes of ſo many poor illiterate people, that has given me ſo low an opinion of it."

"Truly," ſaid Lydia, "I ſhould have expected better judgment from you.—Is genius then confined only to the great and learned? May not the poor know the truths of religion, as well as one better educated? and the comfort and inſtruction many of theſe derive from this book, prove that it is not wanting in divine excellency." "You are quite warm in defence of your author," replied Urſula: "but I own I was wrong in thus haſtily drawing my inference.—

'Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear,'

And ſuch was Bunyan; who, in his low ſtation, might write a better book than half the authors of the preſent age."

"Mr. Grey's library chiefly conſiſts of this poor author's works," ſaid Lydia, "and thoſe of another equally low born; and who was once as poor; but now, an eminent divine; and who, though not in the eſtabliſhment, holds all the Articles of the Church of England, and preaches them in much more purity than many of thoſe who have ſworn to do ſo, on their taking orders." "Did Bunyan write any thing more than the Pilgrim's Progreſs?" aſked Urſula. "O yes; much more: and the clergyman I ſpeak of, ſtill more than he." "And have you read them all?" "No: Mr. Grey has only lent me one now and then."

"I ſhould like to read that book you have in your hand, when you have done with it," ſaid Urſula. "It is very much at your ſervice now," returned Lydia; "but as it belongs to Mr. Grey, it is but right I ſhould aſk his leave to lend it." Urſula agreed to this, and went with her couſin to Mr. Grey's apartment.

He ſmiled at Urſula's wiſh to read ſuch an author, but did not deny it: though he told her ſhe would find in that work and ſeveral others he had about him, far other views of men and manners than ſhe had been uſed to: "nor do I promiſe you," added he, "that you will like them; for though the hiſtory may intereſt you, the inferences drawn from it, (I warn you beforehand,) you will not at all admire.—If you read it with any attention, it will open quite a

new world to your view; but such a one, that, unless a higher influence than at present moves within you prevents: you will prefer before it the delusive regions of sense and reason as it is called, in which you have hitherto floated."

Ursula could not well understand him: but she said she should be glad to read any thing which might improve her, however mean the author. "You call the author mean, young lady," said Mr. Grey; "but I question whether his abilities did not far exceed yours; and the subjects he treats of far beyond your comprehension; and that's one reason why you will not understand them." "You say he gives an account of men and manners, sir," said Ursula, still at a loss for his meaning; "but can he give a more ac-

curate deſcription than Shakeſpeare? of whom it is ſaid, that 'breathing nature lived in every line;' and that he alone to every ſcene could give the hiſtorian's truth, and bid the manners live.?" "Pho! pho! talk not of Shakeſpeare," returned Mr. Grey: "do I not tell you that theſe are far other views than his? 'Tis true, he could deſcribe the feelings of men as unacquainted with themſelves as he was: but a burdened ſinner, and one who is ſeeking to be delivered from the wrath to come, will never think of looking in Shakeſpeare for a caſe ſimilar to his own, or for an antidote to his diſtreſs: and thoſe who have found deliverance, will find thoſe books which treat of it in others far more delightful to them than Shakeſpeare."

"He is certainly a ſingular man,"

thought Urſula, as ſhe walked home and recalled what Mr. Grey had ſaid to her; "but he is good natured and ſenſible, and one who has ſeen a great deal of the world too, neither is he unacquainted with learning and ſcience: but what he can mean by a burdened ſinner, I cannot underſtand: perhaps in his youth he might be guilty of ſome crimes, which the ſorrows he has ſince met with may have recalled to his memory; but ſurely they have been ſufficiently puniſhed by what he has gone through; and the life he now lives will atone." So little did this *ſenſible well-read* young lady know of the truths of the goſpel, the inbred corruption of the heart, and the ſcheme of redemption for fallen man.

When ſhe got home, on finding her mother abſent, ſhe opened the

book with curious eye. The firſt pages nearly diſguſted her: the language was ſo different to the authors ſhe had read; whoſe flowery progreſs, and well-turned periods, had ſo often ſtruck her. In ſhort, ſhe had been ſo accuſtomed to obſerve the ſtyle a book was written in, that the ſentiments often eſcaped her notice; but in her preſent ſtudy this could not be the caſe. There was nothing in it to delight the taſte: but it won her attention; till at laſt, regardleſs of the ſtyle, ſhe thought only of the ſtory; and, on returning it to Mr. Grey, could not but ſay it was highly intereſting.

"But you do not feel yourſelf in the ſtate of Chriſtian?" aſked Mr. Grey. "No, ſir, I cannot ſay I do," replied ſhe, unaccuſtomed to diſguiſe her ſentiments.—"I hope to get to

the celeſtial city as well as he; but I don't find ſo many difficulties in the path, nor do I think I ſhall." "I ſhould rather fear leſt I had miſtaken it, were I in your ſituation," returned Mr. Grey. "Dear, why, ſir?" aſked Urſula. "I will tell you in the words of a hymn," replied her venerable inſtructor; "I know you are fond of quotations:—

'Because the gate of life
Is narrow, low, and small,
The way so prest, so close, so strait,
There seems no way at all.

This way, that's found by few,
Ten thousand snares beset;
To turn the seeker's steps aside,
And trap the traveller's feet.'

and becauſe, in the Word of God, we are told, that 'it is through much tribulation we muſt enter the kingdom."

"Ah, indeed," thought Urſula, "if this is true, I may be miſtaken." Yet this ſhe did not like to own, and therefore remained ſilent: but Mr. Grey obſerved the impreſſion of fear on her countenance, and would gladly have given another ſtroke to her falſe ſecurity, but it was not allowed him. Mrs. Williamſon's coming in, changed the converſation, and Urſula preſently forgot the former ſubject of it.

CHAPTER VII.

"Go range through pallid misery's cell;
Go where disease and anguish dwell;
Where want extends her eager hands;
Where unrepining patience stands;
Where palsy'd age, by grief subdued,
In faltering accents craves for food."

URSULA from being often with Mr. Grey, could not but obſerve more and more the ſingularity of his opinions; yet, as they grew more familiar to her, ſhe heard them as if ſhe had not any thing to do with them, or that they were unneceſſary for her to adopt; and when he did not touch upon religion, ſhe could not but think his converſation edifying. There was ſomething about

Lydia ſhe liked ſtill better. The gaiety of Cecilia ſuited her not ſo well; whenever they were together, Urſula thought ſhe wanted to excel. Nor would ſhe loſe an opportunity of diſplaying her wit; which, though in general exerciſed with good humour, could not be free from the keen edge of ſatire.

Wit is a dangerous weapon; for, though the advantage ſeems to be all on the ſide of him who wields it, it is productive of more foes than friends; and when "jokes are paid in kind," few are ſo unable to bear them as thoſe who are the freeſt in uſing them.

Lydia therefore was the favourite companion; and, though many of the opinions of Urſula appeared wrong to her, ſhe felt unwilling to reprove her, leſt her own ſhould not

be right. She felt an earneſt deſire for the true wiſdom; but that which Urſula held in ſuch high eſteem, ſhe juſtly thought of no value, when compared to that which ſhe was ſeeking.

As theſe two friends were one day walking near a retired cottage, they met with an adventure, which drew forth the different feelings and ſentiments of each. They heard an old woman, who was nearly bent double with age, thus pathetically addreſs a young man dreſt in a ſoldier's jacket.—"And will you go, Tom, and leave your poor old mother to ſtarve? was it for this I nurſed you up with ſuch tenderneſs, both when you was young and in your late illneſs!—Alas, a day!—I looked that you would at leaſt be left to comfort and ſupport me in my old age." "I

can't help it, mother," anſwered the young man, quite unconcerned at her expoſtulation.—"You know I don't earn enough to keep both you and myſelf: but when I am a ſoldier I ſhall live like a gentleman.—Beſides, was not my father, and my father's father, a ſoldier? and my brothers, Dick and Will,—did not they fight for their country? and ſhall not I do the ſame?—The ſergeant ſays, that brave young men were never more wanted than they are now: and I am determined to go." "Alas, a day!" returned the poor old woman.—"'Tis true, your father and brothers did ſerve the king; but let that ſuffice: you ſtay and ſerve me now, Tom; I have ſerved and fared hard enough for you; and I am ſure His Majeſty would not wiſh to take away the only prop a poor

old woman has: and, beſides, your ſervices cannot be ſo much wanted by your king and country, as they are by me.—You know I muſt go into the poorhouſe, if you go away; neither will they let me ſtay here, but I ſhall be ſent to my own pariſh, ſo many miles off.—Oh, Tom, do ſtay with your poor old mother, till ſhe dies; it can't be many years."

Tears now ſtopped her utterance, and ſhe could ſay no more, while her ſon ſtill appeared unmoved.—"I wiſh," ſaid he, "the noble Captain Williamſon was alive; he would not wiſh to check the ſpirit of a young fellow who wants to ſerve his country, and he would have taken care of you in my abſence; he was a brave and noble captain."

"He ſpeaks of my father," ſaid Urſula, much affected; "and he

ſays true; he was brave, and one who faced many dangers in defence of his country." "But pity and compaſſion are always allied to true courage," anſwered Lydia; "ſurely he would not have wiſhed to have taken this young man from his mother." "'Tis a hard caſe," replied Urſula: "yet, can you blame the youth?—He feels the ardour of a ſoldier,—his father and his brothers have been in the field before him,—he has heard of battles."

"You ſpeak like a ſoldier's daughter now," ſaid Lydia, with a ſmile: "but I muſt own that I ſhould find him more intereſting if he gave up his thirſt for glory till his poor mother was no more, particularly as ſhe ſo ſolicits his ſtay." "She ſhall not want any thing in his abſence," ſaid Urſula. — "I will ſpeak to my

mother; and we will ſee if we cannot deſerve the character he gives of my dear father; it was true of him; and ſhall it not be extended to his wife and daughter? I will follow them into the cottage and tell them ſo."

"Theſe are very heroic ſentiments," ſaid Lydia: "but, if you will take my advice, you had better aſk the character of the young man before you thus commend him.—I have a great notion that this is he who is called the idleſt young fellow in the village, and one whom his poor mother has brought up to her own ſorrow.—Your old ſervant Samuel, no doubt, is acquainted with him, as he belongs to a ſoldier's family; you may aſk him." This Urſula immediately determined on.

As ſoon as they reached home, the

inquiry was made; and the account was ſuch as juſtified the report her couſin had heard.—"It is Tom Sickle, ma'am," anſwered Samuel, "you are inquiring about,—the idleſt young fellow in the pariſh; his father and brothers were good ſoldiers; but as for him, he only wants to get a red coat on, that he may cut a figure, and get a new ſtation; but it is not fit for him.—A ſoldier's life is not a lazy one.—I ſhould not wonder to hear he had deſerted, as ſoon as his bounty money was ſpent.—'Tis a ſhame the ſergeant ſhould take ſuch a fellow as he is: but, to be ſure, men are very much wanted; and the army is not what it was when I was in it."

Urſula could not help ſmiling at the hidden boaſt this ſpeech conveyed. "But I wonder," ſaid ſhe, "that his mother ſhould ſo wiſh his

ſtay, for with ſuch a diſpoſition he can be no aſſiſtance to her." "O, ma'am," anſwered Samuel, "the poor old woman is ſo fond of him that ſhe can ſee none of his faults; 'tis but lately that he was ill, or pretended to be ſo, and could not work; when the poor old creature ſold every thing ſhe could, to procure him comforts: and now ſhe is likely to meet a fine reward."

On hearing this account, Mrs. Williamſon concluded it was much better to let the young fellow go quite off, before they even made an offer of aſſiſtance to the mother; leſt when he knew that ſhe had friends, he ſhould be teazing her for money, or returning every now and then to impoſe on her partiality, and take away what was given her.

With this determination, the two

friends forbore viſiting Dame Sickle's cottage, till they heard the young recruit was gone. "And yet," ſaid Lydia, "I ſhould like to tell her ſhe ſhall not want; for ſhe muſt feel many an anxious thought about it, ſince ſhe ſays that this idle ſon was her only prop."

"Poor woman," obſerved Mr. Grey; "if he was all her hope, ſhe muſt be in a piteous ſtate indeed.—The beſt earthly props too ſoon give way; but to lean on ſuch a one as this, muſt be a poor dependance!—Could you not tell her of a higher help, Lydia?" "I would direct her to look to God, ſir," anſwered his young friend, bluſhing as ſhe ſpoke; "but would it be of any uſe?" "It is He alone who can make it ſo, we know," replied Mr. Grey; "yet you would not do wrong to try; depend-

ing on Him.—The mouth of babes may ſometimes inſtruct the aged." "But do you think, ſir," ſaid Urſula, ſtill inclined to exculpate the young man whom ſhe had heard commend her father, "do you think, ſuppoſing it was at his country's call, and not an idle wiſh, he would be wrong to go and leave his mother?" "In the circumſtances ſhe is, I think he would," returned the old gentleman.—"Indeed, the duty a child owes his parents, is, in my opinion, above all others, except that he owes to God. It is only in His ſervice, when He is pleaſed to call him forth, that he muſt forego all others, even though by ſo doing he incurs reproach."

Lydia and Urſula walked by the cottage the next evening, but ſaw nothing of its inhabitants. And as ſoon as they heard that her ſon was

out of the place, they haſtened to relieve the old woman from that part of her anxiety which related to herſelf: but they found her now quite unmindful of her own wants, and her tears flowed for him.—"One whom I have ſo dearly loved," ſaid ſhe.—"The neighbours ſay he was an idle lad, and they are glad he is gone; but they don't know what a mother's feelings are.—He was but a boy; and, had he lived at home a little longer, I know he would have been as good as either of his brothers.—I am ſure, when he was a child, he loved his poor old mother to his heart.—Oh that the ſound of the drum had never been heard in this neighbourhood!" then her tears flowed afreſh.

Urſula endeavoured to reconcile her to the martial ſpirit of her ſon,

by telling her, he would now be kept under good order and diſcipline; and if attentive to his duty, would no doubt meet his reward." While Lydia would have perſuaded her it was wrong thus to ſet her affections upon any earthly object, as to feel his loſs the worſt calamity which could have befallen her.

But ſhe was equally deaf to both their arguments. "I ſhall never ſee him again," ſaid ſhe; "at my time of life it cannot be expected; nor do I know what will become of him." "What is to become of you, is what we are moſt intereſted for at preſent," ſaid Lydia.—"Have you any ſupport while he is gone?" "None but the pariſh," anſwered ſhe: "but that is of no concern.—Before, I thought much of myſelf, and what I was to do; but now, it little ſignifies

what becomes of me." "O do not ſay ſo," anſwered Urſula, with all the tenderneſs of pity.—"You may live to ſee him return, and more deſerving of your love than he is at preſent." "And you may live," ſaid Lydia, actuated by the ſame compaſſion; "you may live to know an object better worthy of your love."

After a few inquiries, they found that this unfeeling object of her affections, had not ſcrupled to take her laſt ſhilling, and ſhe had nothing but an empty cupboard to look to. They did not leave her without repleniſhing her pocket, and making her promiſe ſhe would ſend to one or the other if ſhe was in want of any thing. They left her rather more compoſed, and with ſome acknowledgment of the goodneſs of God in thus ſending her friends, at the time

ſhe moſt needed them. After this, they viſited her often: and, through their exertions, ſhe was allowed to remain in the pariſh, and receive pay from her own, which was ſome miles diſtant.

Urſula alſo found out the regiment to which her ſon had been admitted, and which was going abroad. The old woman, with the aſſiſtance of a neighbour, wrote to him, and received an anſwer juſt before their embarkation, which rather added to her diſtreſs than relieved it; as he now expreſſed himſelf very diſſatisfied with the choice he had made, and earneſtly wiſhed himſelf at home again: but there was no expreſſion of regard for her, or anxiety on her account. He ſaid they expected to ſtay abroad ſeven years, and that if he had an opportunity he would

write to her again, when they arrived at the place of their deſtination.

This letter awakened all her grief; and Lydia and Urſula were again called upon to enforce their various arguments for reſignation and ſubmiſſion; but they could not wean her heart from him who had from his earlieſt infancy poſſeſſed the largeſt ſhare of it; and, in a ſhort time, ſhe died, a prey to the ſorrow this exceſſive regard occaſioned. Her young friends ſuffered her not to want any thing for the body, and all the comforts requiſite in old age and ſickneſs they procured her: but this was all they could do; the wrong bias of her mind, and her ill-placed affections, were beyond their reach; and Urſula here learnt ſomething of the inefficacy of human reaſoning to remove mental evils.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Oh thou, resort and mart of all the earth,
Chequer'd with all complexions of mankind,
And spotted with all crimes."

WHEN it was above two years after her father's death, Urſula and her mother were obliged to go to London; a diſpute ariſing reſpecting the property he had left. This was a journey neither of them was deſirous of taking. Mrs. Williamſon had lived ſo long "remote from cities," that ſhe had no wiſh to enter their buſy ſcenes again; particularly now that ſhe had loſt the companion which could alone make ſuch an excurſion agreeable: and Urſula had,

from all ſhe had read and heard, imbibed ſuch a formidable idea of the train of evils annexed to populous places, that, contrary to moſt young people, ſhe had no wiſh to viſit them: however, there was a neceſſity for her mother's going; and ſhe would have been ſorry not to have accompanied her.

Lodgings were taken for them, by an acquaintance of the elder Mrs. Williamſon's; and every inſtruction given them which was neceſſary to facilitate the buſineſs they were going on. Mr. Grey wiſhed himſelf a little younger, that he might attend them as gentleman uſher, and introduce them to all that was worth their notice. He charged them to ſee St. Paul's and Weſtminſter abbey; but above all to viſit one of the cloſe narrow ſtreets of the city, in which

be had lived; and then imagine how they ſhould like to be ſo immured for the number of years he had: "you," ſaid he, "no doubt, will think you could not breathe there; but I aſſure you I thought it an airy ſituation, and deemed myſelf fortunate in being ſettled there, in preference to many others."

They ſat off with much reluctance, bidding adieu to all their friends, from whom they did not know how long they might be ſeparated, Urſula and Lydia promiſing to write to each other very frequently. On their arrival in town, the hurry and confuſion rendered them almoſt incapable of ordering the carriage to their intended abode; and Urſula complained, that though her head and eyes ached from looking out of the window, ſhe had not ſenſe

enough to forbear. They were received with great attention at their lodgings; and, in the evening, the lady who had taken them for them, called to know if in any thing elſe ſhe could be ſerviceable.

After the awkwardneſs of a firſt introduction was over, they had reaſon to thank Mrs. Williamſon for bringing them acquainted; as they found in Mrs. Rock an agreeable companion, and one who could inform them of the ways of London. Mr. Rock alſo was ready to attend them to any part of it; and, when buſineſs could be laid aſide a little while, a party was made, generally conſiſting of Mr. and Mrs. Rock and two or three of their children, with Urſula and her mother; and with theſe they viſited the principal places, and all that was worthy their

notice. The firſt letter that Urſula wrote to her friend contained but a ſhort account of their ſafe arrival; but in the next ſhe could mention ſeveral places ſhe had ſeen.

"I thought the firſt night we ſlept in London," ſaid ſhe, "that our lodgings were in the noiſieſt part of it; but I do not find that any ſtreet I paſs through is more quiet. The different cries, the ſound of the carriages, drays, hackney coaches, the variety of people all talking as they paſſed, nearly diſtracted me for the firſt two or three days; and I began to think that my head was not ſo *strong* as I had apprehended. We have not yet ſeen Mr. Grey's old reſidence; but I have been in ſeveral beautiful ſtreets and ſquares; yet none of theſe are, in my opinion, equal to my native downs, on which

I ſhall enjoy a walk with double pleaſure, when I once more return to Combrook, and my dear Lydia's ſociety: but when that will be, is I fear uncertain, as my mother is likely to prove the truth of the common aſſertion,—'all lawyers are dilatory.' She is ſhut up with one, and ſometimes two, for hours together, nearly every day in the week; beſides attending on them at their chambers, where Mr. Rock is her conſtant Ciciſbeo; but I, after being once of the party, have begged to be excuſed. I ſee nothing from my windows which can in the leaſt compenſate for the beautiful views I have left. I ſometimes think of going for a walk; but when I recollect myſelf, and conſider where I am, I find no inducement. The park is ſomething like green; but it is ſo full of people, that I feel

no pleaſure in walking there." It was thus Urſula expreſſed her opinion of London: but, within a few days, an unexpected event gave quite a different turn to her thoughts.

As ſhe was rummaging one of thoſe faſhionable ornaments to a chimney piece a lumber bag, ſhe diſcovered a card, with "Mrs. and Miſs Gillimer" written on it. Her old Southampton acquaintance, Margaret, immediately came into her remembrance, and ſhe ſhowed it to her mother with all the delight that ſuch a thought occaſioned.—"Is it not probable," ſaid ſhe, "that they may have been here?" "Surely they don't mean to call on us!" ſaid her mother. "We do not know that Mrs. Gillimer lives in town; and if ſhe does it is not likely that

ſhe has heard of our arrival, or that ſhe would come to ſee us if ſhe had."

"Mrs. Gillimer, ma'am?" ſaid the miſtreſs of the houſe, who was then in the room; "do you know her?" "I did," anſwered Mrs. Williamſon: "does ſhe live in town?" "She was in theſe lodgings, ma'am, till within a week of your arrival, and till a houſe which was building for her at the weſt end of the town was finiſhed; and ſhe is now removed to it." "You don't ſay ſo," exclaimed Urſula. "O, mamma, won't you call on them?" "I don't know, my dear," replied her mother: "I am very much engaged in buſineſs, and Mrs. Gillimer may be as much ſo in pleaſure; we may not now ſuit ſo well as when we laſt met, and had neither of us any thing to do but to follow our inclination."

The thought of ſeeing Margaret again, and what ſort of a young woman ſhe would make, operated ſo powerfully on Urſula, that ſhe at laſt prevailed on her mother, who could ſeldom refuſe her any thing, to pay them a morning viſit. "I ſhall not feel ſo much," ſaid ſhe, with a ſmile, "as I once did, if I ſhould find Margaret engaged with the Miſſes Rowland, or riding in their carriage."

After ſending a note to prepare them for the arrival of an old acquaintance, they walked to the houſe to which their landlady directed them, attended by their old footman Samuel. On inquiring for Mrs. Gillimer, they were ſhown into a very handſome drawing room, in which was only one young lady, and quite a ſtranger both to Urſula and her mother. "We can't have miſtaken the

houſe," ſaid Mrs. Williamſon, rather diſappointed, and was going to apologize; when the young lady interrupted her by pronouncing her name, as if not quite certain ſhe was right. "My mother has received your kind note, and will be here in a moment; not expecting you ſo early, ſhe went to a lady at the next door; but I am ſure ſhe will return with pleaſure, ſhe has expreſſed much in the hope of ſeeing you."

A ſervant was then diſpatched to inform his miſtreſs of their arrival. "And my ſiſter," continued the young lady, who was Mrs. Gillimer's eldeſt daughter, and determined not to be abaſhed by ſtrangers, "will I am ſure be rejoiced to ſee Miſs Williamſon, and think herſelf happy in returning to town at the time ſhe is in it; ſhe has been abſent theſe laſt

three months, but we expect her this evening."

She had no ſooner given Urſula this information, than Mrs. Gillimer arrived. She profeſſed great ſatisfaction in again ſeeing Mrs. Williamſon; expreſſed her ſurpriſe at the alteration in Urſula, who from a little girl was grown a young woman; and, with all the common-place civility, endeavoured to hide an indifference Mrs. Williamſon could not but perceive ſhe felt; though her acquaintance with Mrs. Gillimer had not been of that nature as to allow her to be hurt by it, except that it was a tacit avowal of the mean opinion that lady had of her underſtanding, to ſuppoſe ſhe could believe it. After ſitting above an hour, for after ſo long a ſeparation, Mrs. Gillimer ſaid it would be "*bar-*

barous" to leave her ſooner: and, hearing her ſiſter was happily married, and Capt. Gillimer ſtill with his regiment, they parted; Mrs. Williamſon leaving her addreſs, and Mrs. Gillimer declaring ſhe ſhould not be happy till ſhe had returned her viſit, and brought Margaret with her, who would be equally delighted to ſee her old friend again.

"I am ſure," ſaid Urſula, when they had left the houſe, "if ſhe is any thing like her mother, I ſhall have no pleaſure in ſeeing her.--Did you ever ſee ſo fantaſtical a creature?" continued ſhe. "I never ſaw a woman ſo altered," ſaid Mrs. Williamſon: "I really thought her intereſting, when we met at Southampton: but we may in her ſee what an intercourſe with the world produces; — how it deadens every feeling, and makes automatans of all

who are in it long together. They learn a ſet of phraſes, a ſet of opinions and amuſements; and on theſe they ring the changes from morning to night, without daring to deviate in the leaſt article the one from the other; and this is what is called polite ſociety."

"And that fine lady is Margaret's ſiſter Jane, I ſuppoſe," ſaid Urſula; "whom ſhe uſed to talk of; juſt like the many I have ſeen when walking in the park: there is not one of them who ſeems to act from nature; but their walk, their words, their actions, and even their looks, appear all ſtudied: how is it that rational creatures can be ſo led away by each other! and Margaret I ſuppoſe is become like one of them.—Well, my couſins are far ſuperior to them: if Lydia is a little too ſerious and

ſtrict, Cecilia's vivacity will counteract it, and there is a variety in them: but theſe dreſt-up dolls are all alike from one end of the town to the other."

The next morning, Mrs. Gillimer and her two daughters returned their viſit. Urſula felt ſome ſatisfaction in finding Margaret not quite ſo affected as her ſiſter, though ſhe had imbibed ſome of that counterfeited courteſy which polite people call good manners. As ſhe converſed with Urſula, ſhe endeavoured to recall the time they had paſſed together, and their introduction to each other. "I ſtill remember my bloody face and frock," ſaid ſhe, "which firſt led me to your houſe; and how I thought I could love you, for being ſo anxious to bring me whatever you imagined would make

me forget my terrible accident.—And then our walks on the Beach at Southampton, our viſit to Netley abbey, — O what a pleaſant evening that was!"

Urſula's eyes were filled with tears, as ſhe recollected that her father was the promoter of that party: and Margaret, though ſhe had ſeen in the paper the death of Capt. Williamſon, had no idea of Urſula's feelings on that event: but ſhe was now ſorry ſhe had recalled it to her memory; and, wiſhing to change the converſation, ſhe aſked her if ſhe had viſited Southampton ſince. "No," ſaid Urſula; "I have not left my native village till now that buſineſs has brought my mother to town; and, though we have had no adventure like that which brought us acquainted, our retirement is greatly im-

proved, by my aunt and couſins living near us." "Yes," ſaid Margaret, greatly pleaſed; "the mother of George Williamſon, my eldeſt brother's particular friend; I have heard him ſay his family were gone to reſide there." "Do you know my couſin George?" ſaid Urſula, with ſurpriſe; "I may almoſt ſay it is more than I do, for he is very ſeldom at Combrook: but don't let me forget to aſk after my old friend, your brother Edward; is he as fond of the travelling maps as ever?" "O no, dear fellow!" returned Margaret, ſmiling; "nor is he ſo much in my way as he was then; he is at ſchool, and grown a very fine boy."

During this converſation, Mrs. Gillimer was endeavouring to perſuade Mrs. Williamſon to join a large party at her houſe that even-

ing, though at the very time ſhe ſecretly hoped ſhe would not come; and, on her poſitively refuſing, ſhe renewed her invitation, for them to ſpend the next evening with her when the family would be alone; and would take no denial.

Here they were introduced to the two elder brothers of Margaret: but neither Urſula or her mother could form any favourable opinion of the friend of George; there was an air of great conſequence about him, though he had neither ſenſe nor pleaſantry to ſupport it: looking upon his mother's viſiters as quite country people, he thought it not worth his while to behave commonly civil to them; and after tea called upon one of his ſiſters, to play backgammon with him. He would have choſen Margaret, but ſhe had

rather too much regard to appearances to be ſo rude to Urſula; and therefore Miſs Gillimer was his antagoniſt: while the other young gentleman pretended to be amuſing himſelf with a book, when in reality he was watching the converſation of his mother and Mrs. Williamſon, hoping to find ſomething to laugh at in the ruſticity of the latter.

Margaret told Urſula that ſince they had met ſhe had travelled a great deal; "that is," ſaid ſhe, "ſince I left ſchool, which is about two years back: I have been into the north, and this laſt ſummer have viſited the lakes of Weſtmoreland and Cumberland, with my uncle and aunt.—But pray," continued ſhe, ſeeing her going to ſpeak, "don't aſk me for any account of theſe celebrated places, for I cannot do juſt-

ice to them: in ſhort, I am but juſt returned from my travels, and have ſuch a confuſed remembrance of all I have ſeen and heard, that it requires ſome time to get my ideas in right order, ſo as to talk about them." "Alas!" thought Urſula; "you do not ſeem likely to have much time to recollect them, if this evening is a ſpecimen of the way you ſpend it."

At eleven o'clock, juſt as Mrs. Williamſon's ſervant was announced, ſandwiches were brought in. "Dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Gillimer, "how early you are! you will ſpend the reſt of the evening with us, I hope." Mrs. Williamſon ſmiled; and ſaid ſhe thought ſhe had allowed ſufficiently for the difference of the hours in town and country, by ordering her ſervant at that time:

and, refuſing to prolong her viſit, ſhe and Urſula returned to their lodging, as heartily tired of the evening they had ſpent, as thoſe they left were of their company. After this they ſeldom met, as Mrs. Williamſon's engagements were of a different nature to Mrs. Gillimer's; and Urſula preferred the company of Mrs. Rock's children, or a book, when ſhe could not have her mother's, to that of Margaret and her ſiſter.

It was ſix weeks before they could return to their friends in the country: but, at that time, the affairs of Mrs. Williamſon were in ſuch a train, that ſhe had no reaſon to regret her having left home for a little while; and on going back, the unfeigned pleaſure they all expreſſed at ſeeing them again, made Urſula ſtill more diſguſted with the unmeaning manners ſhe had lately witneſſed.

CHAPTER IX.

"The breach, though small at first, soon
opening wide,
In rushes folly with a full-moon tide."

THE time now drew near at which George Williamſon would be of age; and as he had been left under the care of guardians quite different from thoſe his mother would have choſen, ſhe was never conſulted as to any thing relating to him, and ſeldom ſaw him, except for a ſhort viſit during the vacation; and then he could not reſiſt the preſſing invitations of his college friends, to join them in London; where every thing was much more calculated to afford him

pleaſure, than the ſociety of his mother and ſiſters, and his whimſical old uncle, as he choſe to ſtyle Mr. Grey. His guardians granted him a handſome allowance; and a part of his fortune was now ſpent in purchaſing an eſtate in Middleſex; on which, on his coming of age, he might reſide, without obliging his mother to quit the houſe ſhe was ſettled in, or himſelf to live with her, which would be ſtill leſs conſonant to his wiſhes. His affection to his mother, in thus giving up the family manſion to her, was often mentioned to his praiſe; notwithſtanding ſhe paid him a yearly rent for it, and it was in a ſituation he had frequently ſaid, in which he ſhould not like to reſide.

It was not till the viſit of her ſiſter in law to town, that the eldeſt Mrs.

Williamſon knew any thing of his intimate acquaintance, or who they were: but the reader may judge of her ſurpriſe, when told that, as ſoon as he was in poſſeſſion of this new-bought eſtate, he meant to make the ſecond ſiſter of his friend Gillimer his wife. This he informed his mother of himſelf; and begged to know if, as ſoon as they were married, he might not introduce her to her and his ſiſters. Mrs. Williamſon knew it was in vain to offer either remonſtrances or advice; though, from the character Urſula had given of the family of Margaret, ſhe was by no means pleaſed with the thought of an alliance with them; but ſhe could ſay no leſs than that when that event took place ſhe ſhould be glad to ſee them.

A ſplendid entertainment was

given by Mr. Williamſon to all his college friends and acquaintance, on his coming of age; and, by his deſire, the poor of Combrook were regaled with roaſt beef and ſtrong beer on that day: and about a month or ſix weeks after, the wedding took place.

Urſula and her mother were ſtill more aſtoniſhed, at the duplicity of Mrs. Gillimer; who, notwithſtanding her ſtrong profeſſions of regard, had not mentioned to them this intended union, or that ſhe was herſelf at all acquainted with ſo near a relation of theirs.

After writing to inform his mother of their intention, Mr. Williamſon arrived with his bride; who had herſelf written to Urſula, begging her intereſt, as ſhe called it, with the family ſhe was now united to; and

that if ſhe had any remembrance of their friendſhip as children, ſhe would now ſhow it, by being at the houſe of the mother to whom ſhe was to be introduced, to receive her, and to ſay every thing ſhe could in her favour before they met. Urſula was inclined to do this from the affection ſhe owed her aunt and couſins, and therefore ſhowed them the letter, as it bore an appearance of diffidence they did not expect. Mr. Grey declared his intention of keeping in his own apartments while the young folks were there; the behaviour of George had never been what he approved, and he could not now congratulate him on an event he thought he had much better have delayed a few years longer.

I ſhall paſs over the introduction of Margaret to her new relations,

and how they ſpent the ſhort time ſhe was with them; and only ſay that, on the whole, Mrs. Williamſon was better pleaſed with her daughter in law than ſhe thought ſhe ſhould have been: and, on their departure, gave her conſent to Lydia's paying her a viſit, if agreeable to herſelf; and Urſula alſo, though ſo little pleaſed with what ſhe ſaw of her in town, at her earneſt requeſt agreed to accompany her couſin.

Mr. Grey, contrary to all their expectations, made not the leaſt objection to Lydia's going; he thought it would be a trial of her diſpoſition, and in the end appreciate her true character; and ſo indeed it was; ſhe proved not unworthy of his good opinion, but returned with the ſame ſentiments, and her love for them rather increaſed than diminiſhed by

what ſhe had ſeen: while Urſula grew *almoſt* a fine lady, and like thoſe whom ſhe once held in ſuch low eſtimation. All her much-admired ſenſe, her diſcriminating taſte, her love of reaſon and rational amuſements, were loſt in the vortex of faſhion and diſſipation. She joined the giddy crowd, and was faſt advancing in the maze of folly, when her mother recalled her home.

They found a large party of Mr. Williamſon's friends at his houſe, who were all aſſembled to celebrate the wedding. Every attention was paid to Lydia and to Urſula, as being his relations: and it was ſoon diſcovered alſo, that the latter was an only child, and would have a good fortune. As ſoon as her prevailing taſte was known, it was no longer thought romantic or ſentimental to

be fond of poetry. Books of every kind were brought forth, and made the ſubject of converſation; particularly with the eldeſt Mr. Gillimer, who too well knew the laws of diſſimulation, to differ in opinion from one he ſo much wiſhed to pleaſe, as he now did the couſin of his friend. He was not aware of the fortune ſhe would poſſeſs, when laſt they met; and, in his preſent attentions, Urſula quite forgot his former conduct.

Parties were every day made for morning rides or walks, in which Mr. Gillimer was her conſtant attendant; and the evenings were ſpent in dancing, muſic, or cards. To the latter Urſula ſtill continued her diſlike, and conſequently Mr. Gillimer proteſted againſt them alſo; and, inſtead of joining what he was really fond of, would follow her and

Lydia to another room; where he would either beg to read to them, or do whatever he thought moſt agreeable to the former.

In ſhort, Urſula nearly forgot all her favourite purſuits at Combrook; to which ſhe returned with far different ſentiments than when ſhe left it; though this was not ſo viſible to her mother, blinded as ſhe was by partiality, as to the reſt of her friends. In a few years, ſhe married that very brother of Margaret's, whoſe behaviour ſhe once thought ſo light and trifling: and her mother leaving Combrook, that ſhe might be near her daughter, the houſe they had ſo long occupied in that village, was inhabited by a young man of Mr. Grey's acquaintance, and who ſhortly after, with that gentleman's full con-

sent and approbation, married his favourite Lydia.

THE END.

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